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MISCELLANY.

FROM THE ATHENEUM.

THE TWO FISHERMEN.

I was strolling on the beach one fine spring evening, amusing myself with picking up pebbles and casting them into the sea, while memory was busily employed in retracing past scenes and events, when my reveries were broken in upon by a slight tap on the shoulder. I turned round, and beheld a venerable old seaman, whom I often visited during the summer months at his pretty cottage at C—

"What, all alone?" he said, with his usual benevolent smile. "Can you find no better employment, my pretty maiden, than that of throwing stones into the water?"

I attempted some excuse for the foolish manner in which I was wasting time. "Nay, make no apology, Jane, I know you of old; you will contrive to draw some grave reflection from your childish amusement—and tell me that the ocean reminds you of time, and that the pebbles you cast into it resemble the fate of man—making a stir for a moment, agitating the bosom of the waters, then sinking forever, and leaving no trace on the surface."

"It is even so," said I, unconsciously dropping the stones I had in my hand, one by one upon the beach. "Yet I, a weak girl, have the vanity to think I can leave a slight memorial of my existence on the surface, when so many gallant men sleep forgotten beneath, and are silently mouldering with the things that were."

The old man sighed deeply, and an expression of sorrow, almost amounting to anguish, convulsed his features. It was but a passing cloud—his fine countenance was again illuminated by his usual placid smile, as, seating himself on a piece of the broken cliff, he motioned me to follow his example.

"Come, Jane," he said, "sing to me that song I dearly love, and I in return will tell you a long story, which you may turn to what account you please, so that you conceal the names of the parties concerned."

I loved his stories: they were always told with such simplicity and warmth of feeling, that he ceased to be the mere narrator, and the hearer might fancy him one of the principle actors in the drama. The song he wished me to sing, and which he always called his favorite, was a sad ditty. It was penned by an uncle of mine, after returning from a long voyage, and finding the lady he was engaged to had died during his absence. My father, being musical, set it to the flute, and it was known in the family by the name of *The Mariner's Farewell*.

"I will not sing you that," I said, "it is so very sad."

"The better suited to my present feelings," returned the old man.

Now, I wished to hear his tale—curiously conquered my scruples—and I did my best:

The sails were set, the dashing oar
Already broke the foaming tide;
But still I lingered on the shore,
The bitterness of grief to hide.

The wind swept o'er my burning brow,
The surge in hollow murmurs rung;
I only felt the ardent vow
That trembled on my faltering tongue.

I only heard the heavy sighs
That burst from one fond woman's heart;
I only saw the streaming eyes
That mutely said—"We part, we part!"

How oft the pressure of that hand
I've dreamt I felt at midnight's gloom—
Again I sought my native land,
But she I loved was in the tomb!

A long pause succeeded. At length the old man, passing his shaking hand over his eyes, pointed to a small white cottage that stood on the brow of the cliff. "Do you see that dwelling, with the roses over the porch?"

"'Tis an old fashioned looking place," said I, "and would make a pretty picture."

Forty years ago, he continued, that house was built by two brothers, who gained a comfortable living by engaging in the fisheries which were then carried on to a great extent in this village and the adjacent seaport town. Robert and William Sowerby were early left to struggle with the world. Their father died at sea, and their mother did not long survive her loss. The boys were brought up in the house of an uncle, who was the father of two sweet little girls. The children tenderly loved each other; time strengthened their mutual attachment; the uncle, before his death, consented to their union; and the brothers jointly erected that dwelling to receive their promised brides.

The rising sun smiled upon their labor of love, and the shades of evening could scarcely while them; their mutual property, in the earlier part of the day; and Robert, hearing the tempest rising to a pitch of fury asked his brother if he had taken the precaution to draw her high upon the beach, and secure her against the violence of the waters, which burst in tremendous shocks against the cliffs. William answered harshly in the negative. "Then I must go and do it myself," returned Robert, the color mounting to his cheeks; "if you are careless with regard to your own property, you should have some respect for mine."

"Let me perish, if you leave the house such a night as this, on any fool's errand," said William, rising and placing his back against the door. "She will take no harm, man! and is as much my property as she is yours."

"Stand back from the door!" returned Robert, giving way to sudden passion. "If I choose to go, no one shall dare to bar my passage in my own house!"

"I tell you that you shall not go," said William, "and I will make good my words."

"You must do it in another place, then," returned Robert, with a threatening air.

"With all my heart," was the reply. The women now interposed; and on each side, with tears and entreaties, endeavored to win the brothers into a reconciliation. Fanny at length succeeded; for when did she ever plead to her husband's heart in vain? Kissing her pale cheek, and quieting her fears, he turned to his brother, and, holding out his hand in token of amity, said—"William, we have both acted foolishly; I forgive you for your late intemperate speeches, and I expect you will extend to me the same favor. There is no harm upon it; and let us mutually assist each other in securing the boat."

William whose passion had not so soon subsided, consented with a sullen air, and they left the house together.

During their absence, Fanny continued to pace the cottage with rapid steps and often hurried to the door, and listened to the howling of the tempest with an expression of alarm and inward anxiety. "The night is dark and stormy," she said; "the billows roll mountains high—oh, how I wish my husband would return!"

"Do not alarm yourself, my dear sister," returned Lucy, rising and approaching the open door: "they will doubtless return in a few minutes. But see," she continued, "your clothes are wet thro' with the rain; consider your situation, and be more careful, for your husband's sake."

"I can see a dark figure advancing along the brow of the cliff," replied Fanny, disregarding her sister's caution. "Is he—it is my husband!" In spite of Lucy's efforts to detain her, she sprang from the cottage, and sank almost fainting into the arms of William Sowerby, who without undeceiving her, carried her gently back into the cottage. When Fanny perceived her mistake, her fears reached a climax of agony. Turning with a degree of fierceness quite foreign to her nature, towards William, she demanded of him what he had done with her husband?

"Is the woman mad?" he exclaimed, in an angry tone. "Am I accountable for her husband's actions?"

"You are! you are!" shrieked Fanny. "He left the house with you, and should have returned with you. There's blood upon your hand—your garments are dyed with it—Almighty God, you have murdered him!"

She sank senseless at his feet; and Lucy, turning towards him with a face pale as death, said—"speak William! Tell me what is that you have done! Where are these fatal stains?—Where is your brother?"

"Let me be cursed to all eternity if I know," said the fisherman, stamping furiously on the ground. "These women, with their suspicions, are enough to drive a man out of his senses!"

Seeing his wife trembling from head to foot, he added, in a calmer tone, "I left him with the boat; he will be here in a few minutes, to laugh with me at your ridiculous folly."

During this speech, Fanny had half risen from the floor, and she caught his arm wildly. "It may be true. Forgive, William, a wife's agony! Come and help me look for him."

This idea appeared to inspire her with a fresh hope; and springing to her feet, she darted through the door-way, and fled with the rapidity of thought towards the cliff. The wind in vain impeded her course; or the drenching torrents that beat on her uncovered head; one dreadful supposition alone possessed her mind; the uproar of the warring elements was congenial with the feelings it produced in her distracted breast; and she never paused till she reached

the spot where the boat was generally moored. The moon that had been obscured now struggled through the haze, and cast a wan uncertain light on surrounding objects. She stood alone on the sands! no sound of a human voice met her ear, no living creature her eye. She called in frantic tones on the name of her husband—"Robert! Robert! Robert! where are you?" The hollow cliffs returned her voice, and the winds and waves alone answered her.

William now arrived on the spot with a lantern, accompanied by several fishermen from the neighboring houses. They found the unhappy wife of Robert Sowerby in a state of almost unconsciousness; two of the men carried her back to the cottage, while the rest proceeded to search for her husband.

On examining the boat, they discovered the pebbles all round it stained with blood, and the sand deeply indented by the pressure of contending feet. The men looked one upon another, and then at William.

"Whence are those stains on your face and garments, messmate?" said an old man, eyeing the young fisherman with a glance of peculiar meaning.

"It is blood," he returned in a sullen voice; "but it is my own. In drawing the boat up higher on the beach, I had the ill-luck to cut my hand with a sharp flint, and the blood is still oozing."

"You will have to give a more satisfactory account of the accident, if your brother is not forth-coming," replied the old man; "in the mean time I shall consider it my duty to retain you in custody until he is found, or you confess what has become of him."

"Of what do you accuse me?" exclaimed the agitated young man.

"Of murder!"

He uttered a scream of agony, and raising his hand towards heaven, made the most solemn asseverations of his innocence, and called on God to attest their truth.

The men pitied him, but no one in his sober reason could acquit him of the deed. He then implored them to let him take a last farewell of his wife, before they hurried him off to prison; and this mercy was not denied him.

Unconscious of the horrors of his situation, or the trials that awaited her, Lucy was standing by Fanny's bed, watching in unspeakable anguish, the last flutterings of expiring life. Sorrow had fluttered but once on that young gay heart, and the cord of life was severed in the contest. Her anxiety of mind hurried the pains of a mother, and she died in giving birth to male infant, who survived the loss of its unhappy parents.

She had just performed the last melancholy task, and closed the lids that shrouded forever the once joyous glance of her sister's radiant dark eyes, when her husband sprang into the room, and catching her arm, exclaimed in a wild and hurried tone—

"Look on me, Lucy! Tell me that you believe me innocent of the horrible crime they have laid to my charge!"

The low wailing of an infant met his ear, and his bloodshot eye fell on the pale inanimate form of the once beautiful Fanny.

"Oh, she is dead, then!—and they will say I have murdered her, too," he cried, as he dashed himself on the floor, and wept aloud in the paroxysm of his despair.

Lucy knelt beside him, and raised his head on her knees. Her's was a misery too deep for tears: she kissed, with trembling lips, the swollen brow in which the veins seemed bursting, and said, in a faltering voice—"O, my husband, I know not what to think—but I will not believe you guilty."

"God bless you for these words, my poor girl; heaven will prove my innocence; for I swear to you Lucy, by Him who made me, I am as ignorant of my brother's destiny as you are. We parted friends—and never, in my wildest fits of passion, could I have raised my hand against his life."

"I believe you!" exclaimed Lucy, flinging herself into his arms. The officers of justice entered, and tore them apart. "We shall meet again, William," she cried, as they bore him from the apartment, "both here and in another world."

As the village bell smote on her ear, she turned towards the pale crushed flower over whom her tears flowed unceasingly.

"Poor Fanny," she said, stooping down and kissing the cold brow of her sister—"Thy sorrows are over—thy heart is at rest—that gay, glad voice is hushed for ever! I shall never again envy its tones of melody, or hear thy bounding step spring forth to meet him who has vanished from among us like a dream, and no one knoweth the cause of his departure! Oh, that I

could lie down and sleep like thee, and bury in the dust the anguish of a broken heart!"

Days, weeks, months rolled away; but Robert never returned. William was tried for murder; the presumptive evidence was too strong to admit doubt as to the perpetration of the crime; and he suffered at the age of three and twenty by the laws of his country.

Lucy remained a lonely inhabitant of the cottage, pitied and respected by all her neighbors. She found a melancholy pleasure in bringing up the orphan her unfortunate sister had, dying, bequeathed to her.

She bore her dreary lot with a meek and lowly spirit, patiently submitting herself to the will of heaven. The cottage, however, wore a different aspect. The roses that had been trained up by the hand of love were unbound, and floated on every breeze; the pretty garden, once the scene of Fanny's rural labors, was overgrown with weeds, here and there a solitary lily rearing its snowy crest to bring back to the mind of Lucy, the memory of departed hours. When the moon shone down in beauty on the spot, she would lean her head pensively on her hand, and fancy she heard the sweet voice of Fanny singing in the porch, as she playfully shook the dew out of the roses on the dark locks and over the sun-burnt cheek of her husband. "Ah, they were happy days!" would the solitary mourner say—"but they are gone forever!"

Six years had rolled on, and the little orphan had grown into a fine ruddy boy, with all his mother's lovely smiles and sparkling beauty. Lucy marked his growth with melancholy pleasure, and he became more dear to her from the resemblance he bore to her sister.

One bright summer evening, as the rosy child was swinging on the garden gate, and watching the restless billows as they slowly broke against the cliff, a wo-worn and weather-beaten man approached the gate. The child, frightened at his haggard looks, would have fled, but the stranger caught him in his arms.

"Tell me," he cried, in a hurried voice, "whose little boy are you?"

"Mother Lucy's," said the child, struggling in his grasp—"I don't know you—pray let me go."

"Do your father and mother live here?"

"My mother does, but I have no father," said the boy; "he died before I was born."

"Poor William! is he gone then?" said the stranger greatly agitated.

"Tell me, dear child, if your aunt Fanny Sowerby is living?"

"Aunt," said the child, looking earnestly in his face—"I had once, they tell me, another mother, but she lies in the church-yard. I never saw her; but Mother Lucy always makes me pray for her, and my father too."

"Oh, my child! my child!" exclaimed the stranger, pressing the infant wildly to his heart, while his tears fell fast on the glittering ringlets of the cherub boy.

At this moment, Lucy advanced from the cottage. At the sight of the stranger she uttered a terrific scream, and, catching his arm, cried out in a trembling voice, "Speak to me in God's name, Robert! tell me you are of this world?"

"Alas! to my own misery," groaned forth the unfortunate man.

Lucy clasped her hands mournfully; and raised her streaming eyes towards heaven—"I was right! I knew my poor husband suffered innocently."

Robert led Lucy back to the cabin, and implored her to explain the meaning of her dreadful words. The tale was soon told, and the afflicted brother stood overwhelmed with anguish—"My wife! my brother!" he exclaimed, dashing his clenched hand against his head. "This is a horrible dream—it cannot be true that you both died for me!"

After the first burst of feeling had subsided, Lucy entreated him to reveal the cause of his long absence.

"William's tale was true," he said; "we dragged the boat, which was nearly adrift in the surf, high up on the beach; in doing which he cut his hand severely with a large flint, and I begged him to leave me to fasten the boat, whilst he ran home and got the wound, which I considered dangerous, bound up."

"Thank God, Lucy, we parted friends! He had not left me many minutes before a band of smugglers emerged from a cave in the cliff, and observing me imprudently turn my head, and look earnestly at the place of their retreat, they surrounded and threatened me with instant death if I dared to reveal their hiding place. I promised—nay even bound myself to secrecy, by the most powerful oaths that language could suggest."

Lucy clasped her hands in prayer, and her eyes were turned towards heaven. "Thy sorrows are over—thy heart is at rest—that gay, glad voice is hushed for ever! I shall never again envy its tones of melody, or hear thy bounding step spring forth to meet him who has vanished from among us like a dream, and no one knoweth the cause of his departure! Oh, that I

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"Do not trust him!" said one of the crew. "Despatch him, and throw his body into the sea; we shall then ensure his silence."

"My wife rushed across my mind, I implored their mercy—If any of you are husbands and fathers?" I said, "have compassion on me—I have left, in that cottage, a wife on the eve of her confinement with her first child—a wife whom I adore—do not commit a double crime by destroying both?"

"The leader of the band relented—I have thought of a better scheme," he said, nodding to his companions; "we will not take his life."

"Just at this critical moment I heard approaching footsteps. I struggled desperately to gain my liberty, and was thrown with such violence on the ground, that the blood gushed copiously from my nostrils; a handkerchief was tied over by mouth, and I was forcibly dragged into the cavern.—O, Lucy! imagine my feelings, when I heard in that dismal place the voice of Fanny calling on me in the tones of despair, while I, bound hand and foot, was denied even the powers of utterance! Were I to live for eternity, I should never forget the horrible presentations of approaching ill which crowded on my mind during that dreadful night."

"Towards morning the smugglers got their vessel under weigh, and they put me on board, and in the course of twenty-four hours we were landed in Holland. Without a half-penny in my pocket, or the least knowledge of the language, I was reduced to the necessity of soliciting the charity of the passers-by. But the anxiety of my mind brought on a violent fever. I was picked up in the streets, and conveyed to the hospital, where I languished for upwards of a twelvemonth under the inflictions of heaven, and when restored at length to health and liberty, new miseries awaited me. Luckily I fell in with the master of a trading vessel, who, pitying my forlorn situation, agreed to take me with him to England. Just as my hopes were nearly realized, I was again plunged into despair: our vessel became the prize of a privateer, and I was carried a prisoner to France, where I remained until the exchange which took place a few weeks ago."

"We had a quick passage, and arrived safe in dear Old England. My transports were so great, on once more beholding my native land, that it was some time before I could moderate my feelings. I begged my way hither, anticipating the kind welcome I should receive from my wife and family after so long and painful an absence. And what have I found? My wife in her grave, and my brother executed as a felon for my supposed murder!"

Here the old seaman paused, and seemed so deeply affected, that it was some minutes before I could sum up resolution again to address him.

"And what became of poor Lucy?"

"As though she lived only to deliver up that lonely boy into his father's care, she soon after sickened and died; and we buried these two sisters of misfortune in the same grave. The boy, Jane, you have often seen: he is the gay high spirited young officer who is frequently the companion of your evening rambles."

"How!" cried I, starting from my seat, "Robert Brandon! He is then your son?"

"Yes, Jane, I was the once happy husband of the beautiful Fanny Sowerby." He pressed my hand to his lips, and walked slowly towards the deserted cottage. I looked after him—my heart was full—tears blinded my eyes—I could not follow him.

FOREIGN.

FROM ENGLAND.

It was said that not less than 50,000 Russian troops would be assembled on the Turkish frontiers by the beginning of the current month.

Orders have been received at Silistria to provision the fortresses on the Danube.

MANUFACTURES.—The London Traveler says,—"It was stated last week, that what little had been done for foreign trade was chiefly for Germany, Brazil, and North America; but that the demand was subsiding. It appears, however, that there is still some demand for North America; but not from houses to which it is thought quite safe to make consignments. It is rare for the market to be in such a state of stagnation, as to put an end to orders from our friend Jonathan. During the last panic, there were almost as many orders from the United States as in better times; but it may be asserted, upon the authority of two of the eminent manufacturers at Manchester, that not one in a hundred of those orders was executed, most of the persons who received them being either unwilling, in the state of the commercial world, to incur the risk, or unable to obtain the money or assistance requisite for undertaking such orders. Latterly, confidence being in a great measure restored, many orders which, in a period of depression would have been rejected, have been executed—some say, at a great risk. As to the merchants and manufacturers who have shipped to Brazil, many of them are so disgusted with the dishonesty and bad success which they have experienced,

that they talk of declining the foreign trade altogether."

LONDON, OCT. 4.

The Paris "Moniteur" of Tuesday states, that the Egyptian fleet, to the number of 100 sail, entered Navarino on the 3d of Sept. It was accompanied by between 40 and 50 Austrian vessels. If this report proves correct, we may safely predict the immediate commencement of hostilities.

Affairs are coming to a crisis in Spain. The Rebels appear too strong for the King in whose name they took up arms. In fact, all parties seem to have no intelligible object in the warfare now desolating that wretched country. The struggle is no longer between Serviles and Liberals, but serviles are opposed to serviles, and Ultras to Apologetics. In short, all the seeds of confusion sown in Spain by the deleterious influence of the English Ex Ministers—the Eldon, Londonerry, and Bathurst policy—are now in full germination, and the social soil, heaving and bursting in all directions, gives strange intimation of the redundant harvests of evil which time is preparing for the sickle. Looking prospectively, we are not sorry for this; since nothing but an entire revolution and an extinction of monastic privileges, will ever fit Spain for the appreciation or the possession of liberty.

ANCIENT CANNON.—A fisherman of Calais has drawn from the bottom of the sea with his nets, a cannon of very ancient make. M. de Rheims has since freed it from the rust, with which it was covered, and on drawing it, was surprised to find it still loaded. Specimens of the powder drawn from it have been examined; the saltpetre was of course decomposed after an immersion of about three centuries. The ball was of lead, and was not oxidised more than the hundredth part of an inch.—*Journal du Pas de Calais.*

ROME.—Three tombs, in good preservation, have just been discovered at Corneto, fifteen leagues from this capital. On the walls of the first there are paintings, representing games and funeral repasts; and we may judge by the beauty of the workmanship, to what a degree of perfection the art of painting had arrived among the ancient Etruscans. In the second, the paintings are accompanied by inscriptions, which, it is hoped, may throw some light on the primitive language of that people. The third is likewise adorned with very beautiful paintings.

DOMESTIC.

THE GALE.—The North West Gale of last week was experienced with much severity in New York. It commenced on Tuesday afternoon, and continued, without intermission, through the whole of the next day and evening. At times the wind blew with such violence as to raise the water in the bay in large sheets to a considerable height. The vessels on the eastern side of the city received but little damage, but many on the north side rode out the gale at the wharves were considerably chafed. The waves broke over the Battery and in some instances, where they were not checked by the piers, over the wharves along Washington-street, with such force as to throw the spray against the houses on the opposite side of the street. An unfinished brick building at Greenwich was blown down. One of the gable ends fell upon a stone cutter's shop adjoining, in which were three men. Two of them were taken out dead, the third survived until Friday morning.

Gale on Lake Ontario.—The Geneva Gazette in speaking of the late gale on Lake Ontario, says it was one of the most severe ever experienced on that lake. Fortunately but few vessels were at the head of the lake at the time.—The breakwater was much injured.—The schooner Telegraph, deeply laden, was at anchor within the breakwater, and also secured astern by three turns of a very large chain cable.

POOR DEBTORS.—From January, 1826, to November, 1827, being twenty-three months, nineteen hundred and seventy-two men, have been received into the Debtors' goal in New York. In some instances, persons have been immured and torn from their families for so small a sum as two or three dollars, with no allowance of fuel, food, or a bed, except a quart of soup a day, from the Humane Society; whereas the criminals in Bridewell receive three meals a day, a bed, and often clothing.

On Monday morning last a driver of a mail coach, named John Smith, running between Trenton and N. Brunswick, via Lawrenceville, soon after leaving Trenton, was thrown from his seat on the carriage to the ground, by the wheel passing over a large stone—both wheels of the coach running over his breast. After receiving the injury, he sprang on his feet, and caught the horses by the reins but grew faint, he was carried into a neighboring house, where he expired in a few minutes.

CANAL LOAN.—The Ohio Gazette says the Commissioners of the Canal Fund, received proposals on the 23d Oct. for

the loan of nine hundred thousand dollars. The loan was offered by Wm. W. Woolsey, and accepted by the Commissioners, at the rate of 107 26 100 for one hundred dollars, of six per cent stock. They have thus obtained a premium of upwards of 65,000 dollars on the whole loan.

The steam boat Constellation arrived yesterday from Albany with upwards of four hundred and fifty passengers, supposed to be the largest number of passengers ever landed in this city from one steam boat.—*N. Y. Eng.*

From the Cincinnati (Ohio) Gazette.

JACKSON vs. WASHINGTON.—It has been said, and probably believed by many, that it was not ANDREW JACKSON, but some other person of that name who voted in CONDEMNATION OF THE OFFICIAL CONDUCT OF GENERAL WASHINGTON. To put this matter to rest, we publish the names and votes upon the question.

Those who voted in the affirmative were Messrs. Fisher Ames, Theodoras Bailey, Abraham Baldwin, David Bard, Theophilus Bradbury, Nathan Bryan, Gabriel Christie, Thomas Chalmers, John Clopton, Joshua Coit, William Cooper, William Craik, James Davenport, Henry Dearborn, George Dent, George Ege, Abiel Foster, Dwight Foster, Jesse Franklin, Nathaniel Freeman, jun. Albert Gallatin, Ezekiel Gilbert, James Gillespie, Nicholas Gilman, Henry Glenn, Chauncey Goodrich, Andrew Gregg, Roger Griswold, Wm. B. Grover, Robert Goodloe Harper, Carter B. Harrison, Thomas Hartley, Jonathan N. Havens, John Heath, Thomas Henderson, William Hindman, George Jackson, Aaron Kitchel, Samuel Lyman, James Madison, Francis Maibone, Andrew Moore, Frederick A. Muhlenberg, John Nicholas, John Page, Josiah Parker, John Patten, John Reed, John Richards, Samuel Sewall, John S. Sherburne, Samuel Sitgreaves, Nathaniel Smith, Israel Smith, Isaac Smith, William Smith, Richard Sprigg, jun. William Strudwick, John Swanwick, Zephaniah Swift, George Thatcher, Mark Thompson, John E. Van Allen, Philip Van Courtland, Joseph B. Varnum, Pelleg Wadsworth, and John Williams.

Those who voted in the negative were Messrs. Thomas Blount, Isaac Coles, William B. Giles, Christopher Greenup, James Holland, ANDREW JACKSON, Edward Livingston, Matthew Locke, William Lyman, Samuel May, Nathaniel Macon, and Abraham Venable.

EXOTICS.—The Baltimore American, speaking of the Circular recently directed to the American Consuls abroad relative to the introduction of foreign plants and seeds into this country, says, "S. America, especially, may furnish invaluable addition to our stock of useful imported products; and experiments on their naturalization will not appear misapplied to any one who adverts to the distant migrations of trees and fruits at present the most common amongst us. The Peach is from Armenia; the Cherry from the mountains of Persia; the Currant from Zante; the white (English) Walnut from Persia and China. The Grape has travelled over Europe from the east; and Coffee comes from a corner in Abyssinia; (we think it must have been the Happy Valley.) Science may greatly promote this insensible migration of valuable plants and trees; and we hope that this laudible aim of the government may be well seconded by its agents and citizens in distant climates."

PHILADELPHIA.—It is said that 1250 houses have been commenced this season in Philadelphia, which will be finished before Christmas.

RATTLESHAKES.—A Mr. Abijah Colburn, of Dedham, on splitting open a maple log last week which had been felled about a year, discovered in a cavity, twenty-one young rattlesnakes. They were in a torpid state and from nine to ten inches in length.

DUEL.—A duel was fought on the 5th inst. in S. Carolina, between Samuel P. Carson, Esq. Member of Congress from Morgan District, North Carolina, and Dr. R. B. Vance, his opponent at the late election, in which the latter was killed.

PENNSYLVANIA contains 47,000 square miles, and England only 50,000; yet England maintains a population of more than 10,000,000.

ILLEGAL VOTES.—The New-York National Advocate states that a tavern-keeper had called upon him and given the name of an elector, pledging himself to prove that the said elector had voted the Jackson ticket three times at the late election in that city. The names of several persons under age, who voted the Jackson ticket, have also been left at that office.

It is conjectured that Commodore Porter has gone to Carthage for the purpose of obtaining one of the fine ships lying in that port; and that the Spanish squadron which was preparing to sail at Havana early this month, was bound to Carthage, for the purpose of blockading the Commodore in that port.

A Theatre has been recently established at Detroit, Michigan Territory.

THE OBSERVER.

NORWAY;

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1827.

AMERICAN QUARTERLY REVIEW.

We have received the three first numbers, in a variety of sets, of the American Quarterly Review, published in Philadelphia, by Messrs. Carey, Lea & Carey. There are four numbers each year, containing about three hundred pages each, making yearly twelve hundred pages, of interesting and profitable reading. It is in form and style much like the North American Review; but in its typographical execution, and in its adaptation to all classes of readers, possesses, in our opinion, superior attractions to that very interesting work. The work may be considered as standard and destined to be lasting.—The classical and scientific, will not fail of finding rich entertainment, while the less enlightened mind, intent on information, will be abundantly satisfied. We have taken the agency of this work, and subscribers can be furnished at the Oxford Bookstore, on the same terms, as by the publishers in Philadelphia.—Terms \$5 per annum.

EASTERN ARGUS.

This paper has at length come out, and in an open manner, avowed those views in reference to the Presidential Candidates, which it heretofore has sustained in a covert and deceptive character. We are happy that the editor, although he "has put off the feeble efforts which" his sense of "duty compels him to make until the latest hour possible," has at last put his paper under the control of his "political advisers." We do not mean to approve or censure his choice.—We have examined the reasons given for this determination with candor, and we hope and trust in the spirit of Republicanism, and we feel compelled to pronounce them unsound and unwarranted by facts.

After reading the extract of the letter from the Editor's friend, and the Editor's commentary in the Argus of the 27th ultimo, we find their all ending in this: "Mr. Adams was 'long avowedly federal' and his 'notions have ever continued to lean that way since.' 'He is the federal candidate.' 'He is a federalist.' 'The federalists, the old federalists in New-England are his principle supporters.' Now we beg leave, very respectfully, to deny all this, with the exception of the fact that he was 'long avowedly federal.' We know that Mr. Adams was once federal, but he always adhered to the interest of his Country. We know of many others who were once federal, and whom the Argus, as well as ourselves, are proud to recognize as among the firmest supporters of Republicanism at the present day; we will instance Judges Preble and Ware, the Hon. Robert P. Dunlap, &c. &c."

The Argus will not say that these men are not bright and shining lights in Republicanism; nay, we are mistaken if they may not be ranked as members of the family of political advisers to the Eastern Argus. Yet if every man, who has been a federalist, is for that cause to be suspected, why should we not look with jealousy on the persons we have named. "His notions," says the Argus, "have ever continued to lean" towards federalism. How stands the truth? In 1807, a day of trouble, he came out in favor of JEFFERSON and his administration, against the then opinion of New-England federalism, when federalism was influential in New-England. He was called by Mr. Jefferson to an important appointment, and always retained his confidence. Mr. MADISON succeeded Mr. Jefferson, and he also considered Mr. Adams as possessing worth and talents and patriotism too valuable to be lost, and accordingly retained him in the service of the Government. Mr. MADISON also considered his services as indispensable, and constituted him one of his Cabinet.

In all this we ask the "political advisers" of the Eastern Argus, to point us to the federalism of Mr. Adams.—Were Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe federalists? Did they call federalists around them for advisers? Did they adopt them into their political families? No—no yet, no man shared more the confidence of these great statesmen, than did JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

Again says the Argus, "the federalists, the old federalists of New-England are his principal supporters." Here too, it is not supported by fact. When Mr. Adams was elected President, every State in New-England was triumphantly democratic. The federalists as a party were extinct even in New-England. And yet Mr. Adams received then, as we presume he will now, every vote in New-England. Could federalism, run down, annihilated federalism have effected all this?

Once more. Mr. Adams is elected President, and now is his opportunity to advance the old federal doctrines, and call to his bosom federal advisers. But does he do it? We would thank the Argus to point us to the federalist in his cabinet. On the contrary, are not his cabinet, to a man, democrats of the Old School?

We would moreover thank the Argus for a catalogue of all Mr. Adams' appointments, with a particular mark to

the federalists, and they will be found exceedingly rare.

We cannot at present devote more of our paper to the Argus. We assure the Editor that nothing but a sense of duty could have induced us to go thus far.—We have, "in former days," when that paper was in other hands, respected its political course. It has also been our happiness to co-operate with it in its views of State politics. But we must say, and we say it with regret, that in its national politics, we view that paper now to be in the hands of bad "advisers," who retain all their former federalism, but the name, and who, under the cloak of Republicanism, genuine Republicanism, conceal the most grossly aristocratic feelings.

NEW PAPER.—We have received the two first numbers of the Saturday Evening Herald, a paper just commenced in Philadelphia, by Elwood Walter & Co. The paper is of the super royal size, and judging from the two numbers, will be interesting. Its typographical execution is superior to most newspapers in circulation, and the selections are made with judgment and care. We presume that the enterprising publishers will receive a liberal share of that patronage, to which their exertions entitle them.

PLEASE EXCHANGE.—We received about four weeks since, the first number of the Maine Patriot and State Gazette, with "please exchange" neatly written on the margin; since which time our paper has been regularly forwarded, but we have not received but one number since, of the Patriot. Will Mr. Dickman have the goodness to give us the reason?

PREMIUM.—We offer a number of our paper for 1828, for the best New-year's address that may be offered us, by the 25th instant.

SCHOOL COMMITTEE.—As the season for commencing the winter schools is approaching, we thought to oblige our examining Committees, and perhaps Schoolmasters, by copying the following dialogue from the Berkshire American, a paper published at North Adams. Although the piece is calculated for Massachusetts; yet we think it will serve for some parts of this State, without any material variation.

EXAMINING COMMITTEES EXAMINED.

The papers have furnished us with some very amusing accounts of the blunders made by schoolmasters, or grandfathers-for masters, in their examinations before the learned committees of the towns wherein they were to exercise their profession. But it ought to be observed, that the men were the painters, and not the lions. "Turn about is fair play," as the saying is, and the pedagogues should be allowed to use their professional weapons, and to lay the ferule upon the hands of the examining committees.

But before these men in authority are called up, it is worth while just to state, that the greater part of them are utterly unqualified for the office in which they are placed. This may seem a bold assertion, but it is a true one. A great proportion of the members of these examining committees are far less qualified for the task imposed upon them, than the candidates for examination would themselves be to exercise the censorial office. We do not say they are men wanting sense or information; by no means. Some of them are very respectable lawyers, who could plead you a cause in a very fine style, and "make the worse appear the better reason."

Others are learned divines, who can write you a very elegant sermon, or pull a disputed point in theology all to pieces. Others are the wise disciples of Esculapius, who can mould a pill or drive a lancet in the most approved method, and perfectly secundum artem. Others, again, are merchants, who can thumb a yard-stick, post a book, or set off their goods, to admiration. Others are mechanics, who understand their trade to perfection, who can project a coach wheel or build a house in the most approved manner. And, finally, others are farmers, industrious worthy men, whose barns are full of hay, and whose cellars are full of pork. But all these respectable men, qualified as they are to exercise their own professions, know little or nothing of the peculiar business of teaching, and for the most part are destitute of the intimate and exact knowledge of the branches required to be taught in our schools.

Laboring under such disadvantages, what can be expected from the censorship of these committees? They merely serve to embarrass the candidate, to render themselves oftentimes ridiculous, and in the end do no good. For want of understanding the subject on which they are to examine, they are apt to ask a thousand irrelevant questions, which have as much to do with school-teaching as they have with the internal affairs of the moon and no more. The poor teacher is drilled and bedrilled, four times as long as is necessary and much learned ammunition is thrown away, from the inability of the censorial corps to distinguish the mark. And perhaps

after all, a candid rejected, and another school, who is a young idler how to wealth's English."

If the above we really wish it censorship is worse our school districts ly to the recomm captor of the Sem didate has been fit —The teacher of body, is qualified to of those whom he for the office of because of his lean in teaching, but be candidate underg watching his progr in which he has Whereas an exami though well quali wrong conclusion a candidate, which w formal examination fidence, (so often talents) and the aw cil of censors, read edge to pieces, man from exhibiting possess, to the heat

To give an ide importance of one of we publish the fo The dramatic perso Longwind, Deacon Roundabout, Dr. Liv and-thrust, on the Teacher on the o Rev. Mr. Longw what portion of mat ed to be saved?

Teacher. All wh in a christian mann Deacon Pitchpipe ses will it take to k the whole state of Teacher. That d ber of pumpkin-he "Squire Round. properest way of sp inspect," or "I exp Teacher. That d it be a matter of in ation.

Dr. Liver. Wh States is Feladelfa Teacher. It is in States.

Dea. Pitchpipe. of Christians do the Teacher. None men.

"Squire Round. it take to support a Teacher. Twice Col. Cut-and-thru name of the Sparta "it all was blue" rallier?

Teacher. Leonidi the straits of Thern Rev. Mr. Long. is this book?

Teacher. "This parts of speech. Col. Cut-and. W James the First brou Teacher. He was as he lived.

The teacher wa spell loss-block, win and a number of othe censors pronounced ness.

But to make short amination, we will candidate was drilled and a-half, in a styl important and dignifi specimen—after whi pudence to turn up the following counte place:

Teacher. Deacon be good enough to i ligion the Pagans pr Dea. Pitch. Why are but little better, ny heathens.

Teacher. "Squire posing a frog shoul to the top of a steep but as often as he should fall back 3— take him to reach th

"Squire Round. I to calculate it; but I should say, upwards Teacher. What is tain Symmes' Hole?"

"Squire Round. I would answer no p t was so shaller the freeze afore spring, find it so sooner or la Teacher. Mr. Lon latitude of Boston?

Rev. Mr. Long. W time since I looked but I should say, as f tion serves me, abou Teacher. Col. Cut-year did Gen. Burgoy Col. Cut. In the taken by Lord Cornv of Bunker Hill.

Teacher. What is Brutus' evil genius? Col. Cut. I shoul ther a queer genus, large"—he was the memory serves me, Phillipstown.

Teacher. Deacon you spell back-jack? Dea. Pitch. Booc

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after all, a candidate, well qualified, is rejected, and another imposed upon the school, who is fit only to "teach the young idea how to shoot—the Commonwealth's English."
If the above account be true, (and we really wish it were not,) this sort of censorship is worse than useless. And our school districts had better trust solely to the recommendation of the Preceptor of the Seminary where the candidate has been fitted for his profession. —The teacher of the Academy, if any body, is qualified to judge of the fitness of those whom he has been preparing for the office of instructors—not only because of his learning and experience in teaching, but because he has had the candidate under his eye, and has been watching his progress during the season in which he has been under his care. Whereas an examining committee, even though well qualified, might draw a wrong conclusion of the abilities of the candidate, which were to be tested by a formal examination, where natural diffidence, (so often the concomitant of talents) and the awe inspired by a council of censors, ready to pick his knowledge to pieces, may prevent a young man from exhibiting the talents he does possess, to the best advantage.
To give an idea of the dignity and importance of one of these examinations, we publish the following specimen.—
The *dramatis personae* are, the Rev. Mr. Longwind, Deacon Pitchpipe, Squire Roundabout, Dr. Liverleaf, and Col. Cut-and-thrust, on the one part, and the Teacher on the other.
Rev. Mr. Longwind. Mr. Teacher, what portion of mankind are foreordained to be saved?
Teacher. All who conduct themselves in a christian manner.
Deacon Pitchpipe. How many molasses will it take to keep thanksgiving in the whole state of New England?
Teacher. That depends on the number of pumpkin-heads.
Squire Round. Which is the most properest way of speaking—to say, "I inspect," or "I expect?"
Teacher. That depends on whether it be a matter of inspection or expectation.
Dr. Liver. Which of the Western States is Feladefish in?
Teacher. It is in one of the Middle States.
Dea. Pitchpipe. What denomination of Christians do the Turks belong to?
Teacher. None. They are Mussulmen.
Squire Round. How much pork will it take to support a darned great family?
Teacher. Twice as much as half.
Col. Cut-and-thrust. What was the name of the Spartan colonel who fought "till all was blue" at the straits of Gibraltar?
Teacher. Leonidas fought nobly at the straits of Thermopylae.
Rev. Mr. Long. What part of speech is this book?
Teacher. "This book" makes two parts of speech.
Col. Cut-and-thrust. What year was King James the First brought to the block?
Teacher. He was a block-head as long as he lived.
The teacher was next required to spell *hoss-block*, *wine-pipe*, *cheena-ware* and a number of other words, which the censors pronounced with equal correctness.
But to make short work of a long examination, we will merely state that the candidate was drilled about three hours and a-half, in a style equally learned, important and dignified with the above specimen—after which, he had the impudence to turn upon his assailants, and the following counter-examination took place:
Teacher. Deacon Pitchpipe, will you be good enough to inform me what religion the Pagans profess?
Dea. Pitch. Why, I take it, sir, they are but little better, if any, than so many heathens.
Teacher. Squire Roundabout supposing a frog should undertake to jump to the top of a steeple 90 feet high—but as often as he leaped up 2 feet, should fall back 3—how long would it take him to reach the top?
Squire Round. I have not time now to calculate it; but for a rough guess, I should say, upwards of a fortnight.
Teacher. What is your idea of "Captain Symmes' Hole?"
Squire Round. Why, I told him it would answer no purpose at all—that 'twas so shallow the 'aters would all freeze afore spring, and I guess he'll find it so sooner or later.
Teacher. Mr. Longwind, what is the latitude of Boston?
Rev. Mr. Long. Why, sir, it is some time since I looked at my geography, but I should say, as far as my recollection serves me, about 50 deg. north.
Teacher. Col. Cut-and-thrust, in what year did Gen. Burgoyne surrender?
Col. Cut. In the year '81—he was taken by Lord Cornwallis, at the siege of Bunker Hill.
Teacher. What is your opinion of Brutus' evil genius?
Col. Cut. I should say, he was rather a queer genius, "take him by and large"—he was the same feller, by my memory serves me, that met Brutus at Philippi.
Teacher. Deacon Pitchpipe, how do you spell boot-jack?
Dea. Pitch. Boot-u-l-a-boot—ja-k-

—jack—boot-jack. I larnt that of uncle Stephen, when I war'nt above knee high to his great toe.
Teacher. Who was the first Christian Emperor?
Dea. Pitch. Alexander the Great—the same that first introduced the reformation into Old England.
Teacher. Dr. Liverleaf, please inform me what tree produces the cork, and in what region it grows.
Dr. Liver. Yes, sir, I'll endeavor to. The tree is the *corkus queribus*, and grows in Lapland, where the Peruvian bark is brought from.
Teacher. What part of speech is and?
Dr. Liver. It's a disjunctive preposition, that serves to unite two paragraphs and form them into one sentence.
Teacher. Mr. Longwind, is there, properly speaking, any passive verb in our language?
Rev. Mr. Long. I take it so, to be sure, or else Murray would not have told us so. Besides, why had'nt the English language ought to have a passive verb as well as the Greek and Latin?
Teacher. I cannot tell, any more than I can, why a toad ought not to have a tail as well as a puppy.
IMPORTANCE OF A LETTER.—We observed in a New-York paper, that it was stated, that a lady of Baltimore County, Maryland, recently killed, with a gun, forty-eight ducks, at a single shot: if it had been *beaux* we should have suspected that she did it with her eyes. But we find in a Maryland paper that it was a lad, the New-York man having probably added the letter Y, through mistake.
The following were the numbers drawn in the first Class of the Steam Navigation Lottery:
25—6—20—34—41—22
Indian Civilization and Elegance.—The following is a copy, *verbatim et litteratim*, of a letter from the Chiefstain Sockbason of the Pasmamuquoddy tribe:—
PERRY, 25th October 1827.
Mr. KELLLOGG.—Sir you now soon close your school. I must ask you to say to the Secretary of War and Governor Lincoln that I am grateful for the school—hope the President and Governor or Lincoln send you next spring. I see some time ago the school no hurt to religion—that make me afraid, when you sit down here first.—Now I see it will all prejudice—I believe Indians no have school as long as they leave, if you no come here Bless God you come—it is one great thing—my mind feel so much better, and heart too—Many see me some better—afraid, they say you no afraid. My good Bishop and Priest come here and give me much trouble and say I half Protestant now; *Jaculus as one woman*; Strange indeed! Then say you like Mr. Kellogg better than own Priest to keep school—then I say Government send him—I do as government says. No money for Indians, till Mr. Kellogg came, and no school, now both—suppose break up Mr. Kellogg school then may be no money no school again, then Indian one fool. Just like Penobscot brothers—Protestant have school there two years, give children clothes and fifty cents a week to every scholar. O great noise certainly lose religion—so now no school, no money all ignorant together—no Indians there got mind to think for himself—God give some mind my own—So follow Government just as my father—Government no hates Indians—Porpoise fail. Bark fail, Beaver, Musquash, woods, all fail, what become Indian—if he no work on land and learn some trade—and be civilized, like white folks—Priests and sickness and some Indians walk away—hurt your school—but the fight no kill us: God, I believe, fight for us—and if Government wait with patience, I hope their money and work will appear in our improvement. I pray God to keep you in his arms all the way home to Portland—and bring you here again next Spring—With respects to your family and to Governor Parrior, who made us a visit this summer and to all my honorable friend.
DEACON SOCKBASON
* This is the office which Sockbason holds in his religious connection with that tribe.
THE MARVELLOUS.—The Montreal Courant of the 10th instant, states that a few days previous to that date—
"A Canadian woman at Chambly, while making an omelet for some persons who were to breakfast with her, opened an egg for the purpose, and to her surprise found it to contain a live snake, about two inches in length, and resembling in almost every particular the common grass snake, with the exception of the head's being unusually large and flat.—When liberated it crawled about on the frying pan with much avidity. Several of the neighbors were witnesses of the fact. The hen that laid the egg was immediately killed, and a number of soft eggs were taken out of her, each of which on being broken was found to contain a snake, in size and perfection proportioned to those of the egg containing it."
We have heard (says the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser) of the hen whose credulity was so far practised upon as to induce her to hatch a nest of young vipers, who in return repaid the kindness of their step-mother by sucking her

blood. But in this instance the lady-hen was about to lay the vipers eggs, as well as to hatch them. The Canadian Editor adds:—
"We have often heard of iron, bones, and hard substances being found in eggs; put the fact of the snake's being alive, and the other eggs having similar contents, is certainly very extraordinary, and will puzzle naturalists to explain the cause. About nine years ago a rooster belonging to a person named Le Fevre, at the Tanneries, laid an egg resembling a dog's head, in which was found a living snake, about an inch and a half long! The snake was kept for some days alive, and was seen by most of the neighbors."
LIVERPOOL, Oct. 13.
Despatches were received by the government on Sunday, from Mr. Stratford Canning, the British Minister at Constantinople; these were dated the 15th ult. They merely announced that no change up to that date, had been manifested by the Turks, with respect to his professed determinations to refuse the mediation of the allies.
But the French intelligence amounts to this, that actual hostility had commenced, the French fleet having blockaded Moolon, and the English, Navarino. The ambassadors are, at the same time, said to have issued a circular, expressing a hope that it will not be necessary to employ extreme measures.
SPAIN.—The apostolical rebellion was going on as prettily as heart could wish that loves confusion. It was extending every where.—The King gets down among them, and *mirabile dictu*, his approach to Tarragona (there is the very centre of the rebellion) was a triumphal march. The very royalist volunteers, who have been levying war against him, suddenly resume their loyalty and their obedience. Then comes (this is intelligence in the *Quotidienne*, how authentic we cannot tell) an amnesty, which produced the best effects, two bands of the insurgents laying down their arms.
Well, in the next day's papers we read of the army of observation (on the Portuguese frontier,) which had been ordered to march for Catalonia, being suddenly ordered to suspend its march a constitutional insurrection having shown itself in Galicia and Estremadura.
FROM THE PROVIDENCE GAZETTE.
EFFECTS OF INSANITY.—A horrid transaction occurred in Barnstable, Mass. about the 12th instant, the particulars of which we have not seen stated. A man, by the name of Lot Scudder, who had uniformly sustained a most respectable character for piety, intelligence and probity, became deranged four or five years since, and committed several extravagant acts, but was never deemed a dangerous person. His insanity was probably a species of fanatical madness, and displayed itself in the violence and extravagance of his harangues upon religious topics. Two or three years since he was placed by his friends in the Lunatic Asylum near Boston, and was, after some stay there, returned to them apparently fully restored to himself. This state of tranquillity continued until a recent period, when he began to show signs of a return of the malady, in all its original force. Still, not the least apprehension was entertained of his proceeding to any act of violence. In one of his paroxysms, he got possession of a gun, knapsack, cartridge box, &c. and after parading the streets for some time, without, it would seem, exciting sufficient alarm to induce the neighbors to secure him, he went into a house, some distance from his own, and took possession, with the intention of fortifying it. A man of the name of Sampson, who occupied the house, appears either to have been excessively weak, or to have caught the insanity of Scudder. At any rate, Scudder, who naturally possessed great energy of mind and character, so completely got the ascendancy, which this quality, added to his insanity, enabled him to assume over Sampson, that the latter believed him inspired, and executed his commands with the most submissive servility. Sampson was employed to get ammunition, run balls, and make other preparations for defence, all of which he did, under the threats of the maniac, without giving to his neighbors any intimation of what was going on. Toward evening, however, the neighbors began to be alarmed, and gathered round the house with the intention of securing Scudder. The exaggerated stories, however, of his threats and means of defence, were such as to terrify the people, so that no one liked to run the risk of first encountering the maniac. It is said that previous to the gathering of the neighbors, Scudder had despatched the wife of Sampson, to inform Mr. Timothy Crocker, who lived about half a mile off, that he wished to see him. The maniac had bound the woman, by oaths, to return, and not to give information to any one but Mr. Crocker, retaining her husband and children as hostages for her good faith.—The woman, we believe, complied with the terms, and returned again to the house, though she gave out some hints that occasioned the gathering of the neighbors. Mr. Crocker arrived at the house in the evening, and having always possessed great control over Scud-

der, in his paroxysms of madness, walked directly up to a window in the house, and commenced a conversation with him, to persuade him to go home.
Scudder merely proposed one or two questions by which he ascertained the name of his intended victim, and without giving the slightest intimation of his intention discharged his gun through a hole he had broken for the purpose in the window. Two balls passed through the body of the unfortunate Mr. Crocker, and he fell dead on the spot.
This catastrophe produced so great a consternation among the people that no one would venture near the house, except one young gentleman by the name of Bacon, who rushed up and seized the muzzle of Scudder's gun, thinking to disarm him before he could reload it.—He succeeded, however, only in wresting the ramrod from the maniac, and it being supposed there were other guns in the house, no further attempt was made to secure its inmates. The dead body of Mr. Crocker was suffered to remain where it fell, until eleven o'clock the next morning. In the mean time Scudder had sallied from his fortress and pursued a boy with the intent to shoot him, the lad only escaping by falling into a ditch in his terror, and the madman running over the place without seeing him. From this excursion he soon returned to the house, and a number of resolute persons having collected they forced the door, and seized him before he had time to do any further mischief. He was found surrounded with axes, shoe knives, and other weapons, and his assistant, Sampson, busily engaged in nailing up the door to keep out the assailants.—Scudder was committed to the County jail, where he still remains. The neighborhood in which this transaction happened is very thinly populated, at a distance from the more settled parts of the town, and most of the men were absent at sea. These circumstances will account for the long period which elapsed before Scudder was secured.
SHOCKING ACCIDENT.—Yesterday, Mrs. Longmore, of Carlton, was found lying on the fire, burnt to death, in her own house; it is supposed she had been in a fit and fallen. We have not as yet heard the Coroner's verdict.
ST. JOHN, (N. B.) Nov. 16.
BRUTAL OUTRAGE.—Yesterday, D. O. Sullivan, Tailor, of this city, shot his wife with a musket; the woman is much injured, but we believe it is not thought it will occasion her death, he is, however, lodged in gaol, to await the decision of the law.
YORK, UPPER CANADA, Nov. 4.
On the 4th Oct. a dinner was given in Montreal, to His Excellency the Governor and chief, at which the Hon. John Forsyth presided. After the usual loyal and patriotic toasts the Chairman proposed "The President of the United States," which was received with "cheers," and followed by the air, "Hail Columbia." Last year Capt. Matthews, a veteran Artillery Officer, was ordered to Quebec (and from thence commanded to proceed to England) by Lord Dalhousie, for happening to be present at a Theatre in York, when the tunes "Hail Columbia" and "Yankee Doodle" were called for.
MARRIED.
In this town, on Thanksgiving evening, by Rev. Mr. Murray, Mr. Sumner Hale, of Paris, to Miss Harriet Shackley, of this town.
In Farmington, by Edward Butler, Esq. Robert Goodenow, Esq. of Wilton, to Miss Mary R. Cutler, daughter of Nathan Cutler, Esq.
DIED.
At Parsonfield, Me. Mr. Jaron Goodwin. He was born in 1754 at South Berwick, N. H. 1777 he went on board of a privateer, and in 25 days was taken prisoner and sent to Mill Prison, England: about 2 years after was exchanged and sent to France; from thence went on board the Bon Homme Richard, Paul Jones commander, and was in the battle with the Serapis, which was taken and carried to France. He was absent from home nearly seven years.
AETNA INSURANCE COMPANY.
INCORPORATED for the purpose of insuring against LOSS and DAMAGE by FIRE only, with a Capital of 200,000 Dollars, and a surplus Fund of more than THIRTY FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS, the whole secured and vested in the best possible manner,—offer to take risks on terms as favorable as other Offices.
The business of the Company is principally confined to risks in the country, and therefore so detached that its capital is not exposed to great losses by sweeping fires. The small compensation they require, and the liberality and promptness in adjusting all losses that may accrue under their Policies together with eight years close application and experience, induce them to flatter themselves that they shall receive a share of public patronage.
The subscriber is an authorized Agent for this Company, and will issue Policies immediately, to those who may apply for them.
Norway, Nov. 20, 1827.
N. B.—As this Company does not insure upon marine risks, it is considered to be perfectly safe, and deserving of public confidence,
Nov. 20, 1827.

SAMUEL CUTLER,
HAS taken the Store, door above
BANK OF PORTLAND,
MIDDLE-STREET, PORTLAND,
And has for sale at the lowest prices, for cash,
**A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF
PIECE GOODS,**
—AMONG WHICH ARE—
Black, Blue, Olive and Mixed BROAD CLOTHS;
Ladies Pelisse cloths; CASSIMERES;
Handsome dark Calicoes; at 20 cts.
Rich Patches; Cambrics; Muslins;
Nice plain Muslin at 25 cts. per yard;
Black and Colored Canton Crapes;
A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF SILK GOODS
at low prices;
Linen: Lawns; and Linen Cambrics;
Ribbons; Needles; Tapes; Pins; Buttons;
Bombazetts; Camblets; Plaids; Flannels;
—ALSO—
Bed Ticking; Sheetings and Shirtings;
Checks & Gingham; Batting and Wadding;
Blue and White Cotton Warp; Sewing and Knitting Cotton; with a great variety of other Goods.
WANTED,
WOOLEN YARN, and all wool and cotton add wool Cloth, for which Dry Goods will be exchanged at Cash prices. Purchasers are invited to call.
Nov. 14. 178.
CHEAP FOR CASH.
T. O. BRADLEY.
STORE, No. 6 MUSSEY'S ROW, MIDDLE-STREET
PORTLAND.
HAS RECEIVED FROM
NEW-YORK AND BOSTON.
**PACKAGES OF
PIECE GOODS!**
Probably much the largest and richest assortment ever before offered in Portland, at wholesale and retail—
—CONSISTING IN PART—
21000 YDS PRINTS from 15 to 30 cents per yard.
240 PS Superfine BROAD AND HALF CLOTHS and CASSIMERES, from 50 cents to \$12 per yard.
80 PS SATINETT.
100 PS PLAIDS & BOMBAZETTS, from 17 to 42 cents per yard.
A very large assortment of Silk, Cotton and Linen GOODS of almost every description.
**30 BALES
SHEETINGS, SHIRTINGS
AND TICKINGS,**
very cheap.
As many goods were purchased at Auction in New-York by a well experienced agent, from whom Fresh supplies are to be received weekly; they will be sold from 10 to 25 per cent. less than usual cash Prices.
9th—176
**FALL & WINTER
GOODS.**
At No. 5, MUSSEY'S ROW, MIDDLE-STREET,
HAS just received a valuable assortment of **BROADCLOTHS & CASSIMERES**, of different colors and qualities, from 3 1/2 to 7,50 per yard.
Satinetts; Flannels; Bockings; Rose Blankets; Camblets; Plaids; Bombazetts; 3-4 and 5-4 Bombazines; Crapes; Silk; Pongees; Norwich Crapes; Italian do.; Silk; Cassimere and Valencia Shawls and Mantles; Swansdown, Valencia, Silk and Velvet Vestings; Silk and Worsted Hosiery; Gloves; Flag and Bandanna Handkerchiefs; Paleareans; Fancy Handkerchiefs; Calicoes; Furnitures; Cambrics; Muslins; Linens; Lawns; Linen Damask; Linen Cambrics; Laces; Edgings and Insertings.
—ALSO—
An extensive assortment of
Domestic GOODS,
such as
Shirtings & Sheetings—
**TICKINGS, YARNS,
BATTING, &c. &c.**
All of which, together with most articles usually kept in the dry goods line; being recently purchased, will afford all those who are in pursuit of good Goods and good bargains, a choice selection and well worthy the attention of the purchasers.
Portland, Oct. 24, 1827. 8th 174
FOR SALE
At a fair price, a pair of very fine working OXEN, five years old last spring, they measure seven feet, are well mated, and it is presumed they are inferior to none in the County of Oxford.—ALSO, one yoke of likely three year old STEERS, which measure six feet, well broke and good for work.
Apply to
JONATHAN HALL.
Norway, Dec. 1, 1827.
JUST received and for sale at the Oxford Bookstore, by the dozen or single,
KINNE'S ARITHMETIC,
sixth edition,
With Questions, by
DANIEL ROBINSON.
JUST received and for sale by ASA BARTON Agent, Bridgewater Collection of Sacred Music—16th edition. Springer's Hymns, and a general assortment of Books and Stationary.
ALSO, LEDGERS, ruled in a new & convenient form.
Nov. 7.

MORAL AND RELIGIOUS.

FROM THE NEW-YORK AMERICAN.

ELIAB.

A Parable from the German of Krummacher.

In the Holy Land, lived a man named Eliab, whom God had blessed with abundance of worldly riches: nor was he inexperienced in the wisdom of the east: but withal, he wanted peace of mind; his heart was dejected, and he often wished to die. For, said he to himself, what is life but an eternal round of the same course over again—and which to me can afford no longer any novelty—man, as it were, lives in continual warfare—the days of even the most favored, are like those of a day laborer.

And a man of God came to Eliab, and presented him with an herb which possessed a wonderful power of healing. But Eliab said, for what is the gift? health of body I lack not, but my soul sickens, and it were better if I died. It shall do you heart good, replied the man of God; take this herb, and with it heal seven persons that are sick. Eliab did as the man had bid him—he went in search of the abodes of misery—he healed seven men that were sick, and supplied their wants from his own means. After this, the man of God came again to him, and said, I now bring you an herb of death, and you may die. Prevent it Heaven! replied Eliab, for no longer do I desire death; for now I have learned the destiny of life. The man of God said, smiling—I thought it would be so; the divine spark which lay concealed within you, has now been kindled. After this how could you selfishly complain of the sameness of life? Then said Eliab to the man of God: although your wisdom has restored the peace of my soul, all my acts and doings appear trifling and insignificant. I have it in my power to lighten up the cottage of the poor from my abundance, and to supply their external wants; but I have no access to their hearts.

It is well for you, replied the man of God, that you bestow your gifts with humility, the higher ones will also be granted you. After these words, he conducted Eliab into the garden; a great drought had parched the land, and a rosebush stood withering, its leaves and buds drooping to the ground. The man of God ordered Eliab to take a vessel and fill it from a running spring. Eliab did as he had been ordered, and watered the rosebush. After a while, the rosebush revived, the buds opened their sweet fragrance, and perturbed the air with their fragrance. See, said the man of God, it is thus that the poor (whom your benevolence has relieved in his sickness) again raises his head with cheerful confidence before his God and looks with love and gratitude upon his fellow man; you have to him proved a friendly messenger from God. Teach me now, said Eliab, how I must bestow my gifts.—With humility, as becomes a man, and invisibly in imitation of the deity, replied the man of God. But if I stand before the man and he should find some relief in thanking me? If so, answered the man of God, let your hand be like that of a brother; and let the kindest words of your mouth, express the benevolence of your heart.

VARIETY.

MARION GRAHAM.

Marion Graham was as sweet a maiden as ever gave joy to the bosom of a faithful lover, or made a parent's heart leap with luxury of parental enjoyment. The inhabitants of Alloa, her native town, were proud of having such a fair one among them; and often have I seen the aged lift the bonnets from their grey locks, and bless her as she passed. Marion was the only daughter of a poor, but industrious tradesman. She was all his joy, her mother having left her to his charge in helpless infancy. But though left in this condition until Marion reached her eighteenth year, a happier pair could not be found than Bonnie Marion Graham and her worthy father.—It was an affecting sight to behold her, with her large blue eyes floating in tears, hang over the couch of her infirm sire, the evening hymn trembling in broken melody upon her rich red lip, as she lifted up her pure soul to him on whom all depend. Misfortune upon misfortune rolled rapidly over the head of Marion Graham. Her father died—nor had the first burst of grief subsided before she found herself utterly friendless, without money to furnish the necessities of existence.

About this time we became acquainted.—I was then young, and like her an orphan—misfortunes knit us together, and we soon loved with an enthusiasm seldom felt in the circles of the gay and affluent. Never shall I forget the time when our young loves were plighted to one another. Our walk that evening lay along the romantic banks of Devon water. The air was calm, and methought the warbling of the blackbird was more than usually soft and plaintive. But amid all the beauty that surrounded us, I observed a deep shade of melancholy shroud the expressive features of my fair Marion, and upon inquiring the cause, was informed that she had formed the resolution of leaving Alloa, and taking a situation in Sterling as servant to a lady who had been a friend of her

father's, and that she could not leave scenes so dear to her, without feelings of the deepest regret; but, continued she, a sigh undulating the handkerchief that bound her fair bosom, "God's will be done." As she said this, a tear glistened on her long silken eye lash, to which, in the impulse of the moment, I pressed my trembling lip. A flood of conflicting emotions overpowered her tender frame, and she sunk with trembling emotion upon my heaving bosom. The gale of evening sighed mournfully amid the overhanging trees as we plighted our vows of never dying affection.

A short time after this, I assisted Marion to pack up her little property. It consisted of a few articles of dress and two or three paltry trinkets, which she preserved more because they had been her mother's, than from any intrinsic value of their own. Often did the dear girl look around, upon leaving Alloa, to behold the scenes of her infant years—every little knoll, bush and tree, was associated with recollections of past happiness—happiness which her sensitive bosom prefigured was forever gone. I accompanied her to Causeyhead, a little village near Stirling, where we wept for some time upon one another's bosom. My heart was big almost to bursting, as I tore myself from her encircling arms, and it was only when I had rushed to some distance that I ventured to look behind; when I did so, I beheld her fixed in the same spot I had left her; she waved her white arm, and this was the last time I beheld Marion Graham.

I was an apprentice to a ship carpenter in Alloa; but a little time after the above narrated events, my engagement expired. It is not easy to conceive my rapture at this event. I was now at liberty to call Marion mine. I summed and resummed all my riches, as if every different time I anticipated an increase to my treasure; but alas! all that I could scrape together amounted to only three half-guineas, two gold pieces and a few half-pence, with which I concluded it would be imprudent to bring Marion from her servitude. I therefore, with a heavy heart, resolved to leave Alloa, and go to Leith, at which place I flattered myself I would accumulate in a short time, a sum sufficient to procure us a few articles of household furniture, which was all that my ambition suggested as necessary to our establishment in the world. At Leith I found employment from a gentleman to whom I had been recommended by my late master; and in this situation soon gathered a sum equal to my wishes. I had often wrote Marion regarding my prospects, and always received such answers from the faithful girl as filled my heart with gladness.

It was early on a Sunday morning that I left Leith for Stirling, which I reached a little after the forenoon sermon: but considering this an improper time to call upon Marion, I took my way to the church, gay as the gayest of the multitude. The church bell had not yet tolled, so I sat down to rest myself on a tomb stone in the church yard, flattering myself that I might see Marion enter the church. At this time a funeral, with a few, very few mourners passed where I sat. I cannot tell whether it was curiosity or not made me mingle with the followers of that melancholy procession—but I approached the grave—and saw the pall drawn from the coffin, and read with feelings the damned would not envy—"Marion Graham aged 19 years." I have a distinct recollection of hearing the clay rattle upon her chest, as they heaped the mould upon her innocent bosom. I likewise recollect entering the church in a state of stupefaction, and hearing the choral hymn circling in strange melody around the fretted roof of the ancient church; but all since bath remained a blank; or if I have any recollection of intervening events, it is like the reminiscence of a dark and troubled dream, that is only remembered at intervals, and that so indistinctly as to raise doubts in the mind whether or not such events had or had not existence. The medals of merit, however, which are in my possession, and the indistinct recollection I have of the pageantry of war, tell me that I have served my country, and by my country have been gratefully rewarded.—Ah! little would my fellow soldiers know that the motives which influenced my conduct, and spurred me on to deeds of heroism, were not the love of fame or the spirit of patriotism, but the vain hope that the glitter of martial achievements would efface in my bosom the image of my unfortunate Marion. At the end of my country's battles, I found myself weeping over the unmarked grave of the dear girl, planting flowers upon the lowly sod—flowers which only bloomed to be plucked by the hand of the reckless stranger. The snow drop alone blooms unmolested above her innocent bosom. When it dies I weep over it as the melancholy emblem of Marion Graham.

THE SILVER CURE.—A few years since, an aged clergyman in the western part of this county, speaking of the solemnity attached to the ministerial office, said that during the whole term of forty or fifty years that he had officiated therein, his gravity had never but once been disturbed in the pulpit. On that occasion, while engaged in his discourse,

he noticed a man directly in front of him, leaning over the railing of the gallery, with something in his hand, which he soon discovered to be a huge quid of tobacco just taken from his mouth. Directly below sat a man who was in the constant habit of sleeping at meeting, with his head leaning back and his mouth wide open.—The man in the gallery was intently engaged, raising and lowering his hand, and taking an exact observation, till at length having got it right, he let fall the quid of tobacco, and it fell plump into the mouth of the sleeper below! The whole scene was so indubitably ludicrous, that, for the first and the last time, in the pulpit, an involuntary smile forced itself upon the countenance of the preacher. The unexpected intrusion of so unpalatable a mouthful awoke the sleeper, and he was never known to indulge in that practice afterwards.

Mass. Spy.

DANCING DUMPLINGS.—Having a quill filled with quicksilver and stopped close, you secretly thrust it into the dough; which when the dumpling is boiling, will put it into motion. By means of quicksilver, many ludicrous feats may be performed; and the following anecdote is in point. An old lady, on a Sunday, was making dumplings, when two urchins, her grandsons, came to visit her, and being archly disposed, while her back was turned, conveyed some quicksilver into the dough, and then took their departure. The ancient dame left the care of her cooking to her granddaughter, and betook herself to church, charging her to be careful in skimming the pot, wherein were concealed the dumplings and a leg of mutton. The girl was very watchful to obey these injunctions, and taking off the cover, when the pot boiled, out popped a dumpling, which she put in again, when out popped another; and another after that so terrified the girl, that she ran with all her speed to the church; her grandmother seeing her come, shook her head, winking at her, as much as to say, "begone!" At last the girl cried out before the whole congregation, "all your nodding and winking is in vain; for the leg of mutton has kicked the dumplings out of the pot!"

ORIGINAL ANECDOTE.—A comical fellow lately travelling in the stage through Connecticut and Massachusetts, had for his companions a very taciturn set of fellows, and to amuse himself he thrust his head out of the stage at every man he met, and hallowed, hurra for Jackson! A strange sound in Yankee Town. Passing a brick yard, he sent forth his accustomed vociferation at Hodge, who lay, in return the handful of clay he was moulding, which completely masked the countenance of the unfortunate wag. He took in his bespotted face, when one of his fellow travellers, who had not spoken for fifty miles, observed, "that man must be a Clayite."

N. Y. Adc.

PROSPECTUS

LITERARY MAGAZINE

To be published in Philadelphia.

THE PHILADELPHIA MONTHLY.

MAGAZINE,

DEVOTED TO

General Literature and the Fine Arts

Nunc aliquis dicat, Quid tu?

plures sumus.....

HOR.

The favored literature of the present age, and of this kind in particular at this time, is of that kind which, with an emphasis perhaps too exclusive, is usually designated as practical. The laws of nature, as unfolded by chymistry, have been applied with an amazing dexterity and success to the development of our resources; anatomical and physiological researches have given to medical science a practical value hitherto unknown; and the mechanic principles and powers have confirmed their claim on our attention and regard, by a succession of results not less useful than they have been novel and surprising. But while we cheerfully acknowledge the benefits which have resulted to us from inquiries almost exclusively directed to scientific objects, we cannot withhold the expression of our conviction, that more than this is necessary to place us on that eminence, from which we may contemplate with higher emotions, the various interests and feelings, and multiplied relations of man. The pursuits of science, however valuable, and even necessary to the welfare of a State, or to the gratification of individual taste and ambition, can never engross the exclusive regard of a well-educated community. The experience of every day evinces, that all that interests us in existence is indissolubly connected with our desires and aversions, our hopes and fears, our joys and sorrows. "Homo sum, et humani mei non alium puto," (an adage not the less estimable because it is true), is a sentiment which is strongly felt in this country, and which unites us, by a thousand sympathies, with our fellow-men. History and Biography, familiarizing us with former generations in their collective and individual character, open to us a boundless field for instructive inquiry. Poetry, the Fine Arts, and Criticism, while they heighten our gratifications, purify our taste, enlarge our

views, and advance and exalt our virtue. These, together with Moral Philosophy, views of the present condition of nations, and General Literature, cannot fail, under all changes of opinion, circumstances and pursuit, to attract the attention and fix the regard, not only of the refined and well-educated, but also of the general mass of society.

To promote the cultivation of that literature which adorns while it gives dignity to the possessor, which refines while it adds vigor to moral feeling, and which comes home to the "business and bosoms" of all, is, in few words, the object which the Editor has in view in making this exertion to establish in Philadelphia a Literary Journal. He is not ignorant of the failure of many of his predecessors in similar enterprises; but undismayed by their unsuccessful endeavors, though not presuming on exertions yet untried, he makes with confidence and hope this appeal to the literary pride and partialities of his fellow-citizens. With a population so numerous and intelligent, can it be thought extravagant to suppose that Philadelphia will sustain an enterprise, which aims at advancing objects so interesting to liberal minds, and which in other countries are so much approved, and so ably supported.

It is intended that this Magazine shall embrace whatever subjects may be included in the broad designations of General Literature and the Fine Arts. Regular correspondents will be selected in the principal cities of the Union. The aid of many gentlemen of abilities and taste has been secured, and ample funds are provided for remunerating writers for their contributions. The most valuable foreign Magazines will be regularly imported, and (in accordance with the practice of the editors of those Journals) selections of the best and most appropriate articles will be inserted. It is scarcely necessary to state that all sectarian and party views will be sedulously excluded.

The following exposition of the subjects which will form the contents of the Magazine, will distinctly illustrate the design of the Editor:

Essays. American Memoirs. Historical Sketches. American Antiquities. Sketches of Life and Character. Description of American Scenery. Tales. Miscellaneous. Important Letters. Classical Literature. Philology. Criticism. Translations from Ancient and Modern Languages. The Fine Arts. Poetry. English, Latin, and French. Variety, including epigram and anecdote. Notices of American Literature. Notices of Foreign Literature. The Useful Arts. (Notices) Discoveries. Inventions. Philosophical. Intelligence. Literary Intelligence.

TERMS.

The PHILADELPHIA MONTHLY MAGAZINE will be issued on the fifteenth day of every month, at FIVE DOLLARS per annum, payable on the delivery of the third number, and afterwards in advance; if not in advance, the price will be six dollars and fifty cents.

Each number will contain about fifty pages large octavo. A new font of types will be cast expressly for the purpose.

* * * The original contributions will be paid for at the rate of one dollar and fifty cents for every printed page.

Communications for the Editor to be addressed to the care of the Publisher, J. Dobson, 108, Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, by whom and the principal Booksellers, subscriptions will be received.

The first Number appeared in October last. Philadelphia July, 1827.

Subscriptions received by Isa Barton at the Oxford Bookstore, where specimens of the work may be seen.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

Oxford ss. TAKEN in virtue of a Writ of Execution and will be sold at Public Vendue at the Store of D. & L. Brown, in Waterford, in said County, on Monday, the thirty-first day of December next, at two of the clock in the afternoon, all the right, in equity, which William Sawin has of redeeming the following Mortgaged Real Estate situated in Waterford aforesaid, viz.: The house lately occupied by the said Sawin as a Tavern, and now occupied by Levi Brown, together with the Stable and the land appurtenant to the establishment of what was called the homestead of the said Sawin in said Waterford.—Also, a piece of land adjoining the farm of the Rev. J. A. Douglass, containing about twenty-five acres.—At the time and place of sale a full description of said Real Estate will be given, and also an account for what the same has been mortgaged.

WILLIAM MORSE, Jus. Dep. Sheriff.

Waterford, Nov. 22, 1827.

EYE WATER.

JUST received and for sale at the Oxford Bookstore, Doct. Thompson's celebrated EYE WATER.

Sept. 27.

SUPER FINE GIRL Coat, and Vest BOTTONS for sale at the Oxford Bookstore.

BLANKS

FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

ADMINISTRATRIX'S SALE.

WILL be sold at Public Auction by order of the Hon. Judge of Probate, for the County of Oxford, on Thursday the thirteenth day of December next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at the late dwelling-house of Major John Robinson in Hebron.

- 1 YOKE OF OXEN six years old.
- 2 NEW MILCH COWS.
- 1 Yoke of two year old STEERS.
- 1 Likely two year old BULL.
- 2 Likely HORSES.
- 1 Double WAGON and HARNESS.
- 1 Pair CART WHEELS.
- 1 Pair old CHAISE WHEELS.
- 1 Large new PLOUGH.
- 1 Iron BAR. 5 AXES.
- 2 NEW SLEIGH HARNESSES.
- 1 FALISE. 1 MARTINGILL.
- 1 HALTER. Part of an old Sleigh HARNESS.
- 6 Casks LIME. A quantity of Pail STAVES.
- 1500 Pail BOTTOMS.
- A quantity of Split STONE, suitable for underpinning, hearth, and door Stones.
- 2 Pair Fire SHOVELS and TONGS.
- 1 Parlor STOVE.
- 2 Pair STEEL YARDS.
- 1 Flax BRAKE.
- 1 Logging SLED.
- 1 Double SLEIGH.
- 1 Lumber SLEIGH.
- 1 Barrel VINEGAR.
- 1 Mahogany, 1 Birch, and 2 Pine TABLES.
- 1 BLANK BOOK.
- Several CHESTS, BOXES, and dry CASKS, &c. &c.

TERMS OF SALE.—All sums over \$20, four months; under \$20, thirty days, with approved notes; under \$5 cash. SALLY H. ROBINSON, Administratrix. Hebron, Nov. 22, 1827.

Cordage, Cut Nails and Duck.

THOMAS BROWNE—No. 10, LONG WHARF, PORTLAND, GENT for the State of Maine, for the sale of Patent Cordage, made by Robbins, of Plymouth.—Also Cut Nails and Brads of all sizes, from 3d to 50d, manufactured by Boston Iron Company. Duck, of various prices; Anchors and Chain Cables.

It is presumed that the quality, price, and time for the above articles, will give entire satisfaction.—Portland, Aug. 14, 1827.—1y-15

MAINE FARMER'S ALMANAC,

FOR THE YEAR OF OUR LORD

1828.

JUST published and for sale at the Oxford Bookstore, by the Gross, Dozen or Single.

Traders supplied on liberal terms.

Sold also at retail by Thomas Crocker, Esq. Ebenezer Drake, Maj. John Dennett, Messrs. Morse & Hall, Paris, Mr. Nathan Atwood, Nathaniel Harlow, Esq. Buckfield. John R. Briggs, Esq. Woodstock. Increase Robinson, William Cox, Jeremiah Mitchell, and James Crockett, Norway.

HOUSE & LAND.

FOR sale by the subscriber, a good Two Story Dwelling HOUSE, partly finished, with Land sufficient for a good garden. Also a good new SAWMILL, well built, and situated on the Steep Falls, so called, where there is a good chance for timber, and a sufficiency of water for nearly the whole season. There is likewise a good privilege for the erection of almost any kind of machinery which requires water power.—Also a number of eligible house lots on each side of the road, which are well situated, and inferior to none in the vicinity for pleasantness of situation and goodness of soil.

The above will be sold at a cheap rate, & the terms of payment will be such that almost any person can purchase it, who has any desire for property of this kind.

For further information please inquire of the subscriber, living on the premises. BAILEY BODWELL.

Norway, Sept. 7, 1827. 1f 167

SPECTACLES.

JUST received a new and large assortment of Green and White Spectacles, from 25 cents to \$1.00 per pair. ASA BARTON, Agent.

November 14.

FOR sale at the Oxford Bookstore, A new System of

MERCANTILE ARITHMETIC; Adapted to the Commerce of the United States, in its domestic and foreign relations, with forms of accounts, and other writings usually occurring in trade, by MICHAEL WALSH, A. M.

Nov. 20.

THE OBSERVER

Is published every Thursday Morning, by

ASA BARTON

(FOR THE PROPRIETORS.)

at \$2.00 per annum, subject to a deduction of 12 1-2 per cent. to all who pay cash within three months from the date of their subscription.

ADVERTISEMENTS conspicuously inserted three weeks at one dollar per square—less than a square, seventy-five cents. Legal Notices at the usual price.

No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, but at the option of the publisher.

The Publisher deems it expedient to give notice, that, while he shall always endeavor to be literally correct, he will not hold himself responsible for any error in any advertisement beyond the amount charged for insertion.

OX

VOL. IV.]

MISCELL.

FROM THE LIVER CONFESIONS OF A FEMINIST.

A deeply affecting the above head has just Glasgow press. It is ing to the will of "W of —, in the co Scotland," for the pur others "from the com lar sin, by the thoug cape the punishment are sure to meet with and harassed consciences are powerfully w have we read a more than that, which is work before us. We from the first part of "Twenty years—a haunts me!—Yes, it since I perpetrated the poisoned my existence it a cloud of unuttered other crimes may sleep mine never can. Th not, preys upon my he tim of remorse.

"My house stood in plantation of elm and p was considered roman had an eye for the b but such I never had, isolated building, whi appearance, and deco a portico of four Ionic the door was a plot bordered with flowers, of this a fountain of c hind the mansion hous cious garden, and ab the right flowed the l —, murmuring am ed over by bowers chesnut tree.

"Few places were beautiful, and here, tone of mind had perm been happy. I had an only sister, and F never formed two bei different as we. Pool every thing that is an Fair, beautifully propor ful in her movements, most gifted of her se airy form—her blue, her lip never crossed her complexion clear Of all these things I it avails not. They at ing save their rememb hind. Memory may de even the divinest beau tion may touch with m what the former brin depths of time, but t were useless here. I form and a mind which celled, even in her brig

"Strange to say, sh say strange for what an angel could bear a being so malignant— ed as I! I can now rec I returned all her litt She would try, by eve from me some deed e She would smile, and some mirthful story. down before me, and th arms around my neck i ety and love. She wou watch over my concern my wishes, but in vain. heart refused to ackno tentions: her fondness for me, and I repu when I was stretched of ness did her tenderness the burning fever riot ed but a sleep lay betwe she attended me with m er's care. Night after nig ing over my couch, I ha she little thought I so r ing in my dimly illum and raising her fair ha supplication for my reco I did recover, who can that lighted up her b nance!—All saw it wi one, and that was her grateful brother.

"She had a friend na ton, also a beautiful girl, ship had commenced in their souls were knit eling years. Mary lived was an orphan; and bel a respectable but unfort father gladly adopted h ion to his daughter. Sh exquisitely made, and al were full of female dign wanted the richness and of Eliza's, but it was m possible more graceful complexion had the Bloom of northern beau